They say of Sir Humphrey Gilbert that, sailing the western sea, The sailors had fears of a tempest, but never a fear had he; "For God is as near by sea as by land," he said with sturdy cheer, And home through the dark to England he bade the helmsman steer.

The two ships plowed the waters, and the heavy night grew black, The clouds came over the quiet stars and hid them with their rack; And through the storm and the darkness each ship for the other's light Watched eagerly, but Sir Humphrey went home to God that night.

And whenever a sudden flurry drives my boat before the blast,
I think of that stout old sailor and know, with the sky o'ercast,
That God is as near by sea as by land; and how can I feel dismay
When into His hand my will is given, and for Him I go or stay!
—Lewis Worthington Smith, in Youth's Companion

## STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A POET.

How He had the Romance Taken Out of Him.

Narcissus Brown was a most estimable young man of studious habits. His father, a tradesman, had taken pride in giving him a liberal education. At the age of 19 years, therefore, Narcissus had finished his "All right," said the captain; "they education and had become a philoseducation and had become a philos-

opher.
But youth is fickle. An ardent imagination and restless instincts worked

way, and three months later Narcissus became a poet.

"Father," said he, one day, "I feel within me the poetic instinct. I am a

poet!"
"Very well, my son," said the paternal Brown, "be a poet if you will. So much the better, too," he added, with proud fondness, "because it will vex Green, the grocer. His son is a writer, but he only writes prose." So Narcissus became a poet. Every day he wandered off to the little vil-

lages near his native city, and there communed with nature. The dusty trees which lined the roadside moved him to poetry, and even the windmills stirred his soul.

"Ab." he would sentimentally say, "Als," he would sentimentally say,
"how romantic they look! See the
white sails glinting in the sun like
those of a fair galleon gliding over
the waves to some far-off shore."
The sea! He had never thought of

the sea before. The idea suddenly flashed across his brain. "Ah," be mused, "the sea! The

"An, ne muser, "the sea! The bright, blue, boundless ocean! That is the place for a poet. What is there poetic in this humdrum life ashore? On the ocean man struggles with nature; he combats the elements; he de-

fies the storm. I shall go to sea."

He returned to the paternal shop and declared his intention. But his and declared his intention. But his father only yielded after much persuasion. At last he consented and made up a package of fancy dry goods which he thought would sell well at the colonies. To this he added a purse, some tears and his blessing, and Narcissus started for the nearest response.

seaport.

There he repaired to the house of a cousin, a resident of the place; he stated his intention and asked for advice. The cousin was well acquainted vice. The cousin was well acquainted with the captain of a brig which was about to sail for Martinique, and secured him a passage aboard of her.

Narcissus experienced a slight shock when he heard the name of the

"If it were only a little more poetical!" he thought. The Undine, or the Mermaid, or something like that. the Mermaid, or something like that. But the Sarah Ann!" And he asked the captain's name. When told it was Smith, he almost fainted. He was to sail aboard of the brig Sarah Ann, Smith, master. He would have willingly given a larger sum if the captain had had a nautical name.

However, there was no help for it—his passage money was paid. So the

his passage money was paid. So the next day, accompanied by his cousin, he took a boat and went on board the Sarah Ann, to see what she looked like. On the way out the water was very rough, the boat was small, and Narcissus at once hoped and feared some accident-something romantic. But he only got seasick.

When he reached the deck he cast

When he reached the deck he cast an eager glance around upon the hardy sons of the sea. Most of them were swabbing the deck after getting in cargo, and there were several engaged in washing and hanging out shirts upon the rigging to dry. With an exclamation of disgust, Narcissus turned

"They only need flatirons to be washerwomen," said he. However, he descended to the cap-

tain's cabin. That individual was talk ing to a stout, thick-set man, and signed to Narcissus and his cousin to seat themselves. They did so, and Narcissus immediately began to inspect the cabin. To his disgust he found it was a prosaic little room, with a carret, chairs, table and pictures or a carpet, chairs, table and pictures on the walls—exactly like a room on shore. Narcissus sighed and turned his eyes upon the captain. His ideal of the man who was to brave the ele-ments and command a turbulent crew ments and command a turbulent crew was as follows: A mariner of giant frame—at least six feet; a massive head; fierce eyes; a voice of awe-inspiring qualities. He looked at Captain Smith and saw that he was a short, thin man about 40 years of age; he was extremely polite in his manners; he wore a wig, and he took snuff. It is impossible to describe the revulsion of feeling that swent over revulsion of feeling that swept over Narcissus when he beheld this insig-

nificant personage.

The individual who was talking to The individual who was talking to the captain was, as we have said, stoutly built; he was a joily-looking fellow, and was deeply interested in trying to beat down the rate of passage.

Were lastice up against the vessel's side. Emerging from the darkness Navcissus saw the figure of the burly fellow, and was deeply interested in trying to beat down the rate of passage.

shall be placed on the orlop deck."
"And I can examine them whenever
I like?"

Whenever you like."

"Well, here's your money," said the stout man, and he placed the sum upon the table, saluted and left. "Who's that fellow?" asked the

consin.

"Oh, it's a poor showman. He's

going to the colonies with a lot of wax figures, to exhibit them."
"Wax figures! Why, they'll all melt if you leave them on the orlop deck, won't they?"
"Well, that's h's business," replied

"Well, that's h's business," replied the worthy captain, good-naturedly. Then, turning to Narcissus, he said: "Well, sir, I am pleased to meet you. I shall make your voyage as agreeable as possible. You will be very comfortable—just exactly the same as if you were on land."

you were on land."

Narcissus left the Sarah Ann and did not reappear until the hour of sailing, such was his disgust at the unromantic character of vessel, master

and crew. When he went to the pier to engage boat to take him out to the brig, he met the stout man whom he had seen in the captain's cabin. This individual proposed that they should hire a boat jointly to transport themselves and baggage to the brig, and Narcissus consented. He bade farewell to his cousin and tumbled into the boat. The

stout man followed him.
"Have you ever been to sea, sir?" he asked

"No," replied Narcissus; "and you? "Never, sir; this is the first time. I am going to the colonies to exhibit my

figures. "What do they represent?" asked

"What do they represent?" asked Narcissus, mechanically.

"That," said he, pointing to one—they were long, narrow boxes, about six by three—"that contains a magnificent figure of the Emperor Napoleon; that, a figure of his holiness the Pope; that, an Albino," and he went through the list.

through the list.
"Well what do you bother me with it for?" demanded Narcissus, glad to find someone to vent his ill-humor

"I only told you because you asked me, sir," replied the man, submis-

"Well, shut up, will you!" replied the gentle Narcissus; "you talk too much!"

The stout man's eyes snapped angrily, but he said nothing.

They reached the vessel's side, and

with unheard of precautions the show-man had his boxes put aboard. He made the salors almost expire with

made the salors almost expire with laughter at the gingerly way in which he climbed the ladder, and his calling the masts "the poles" furnished them fresh food for merriment.

At 5 o'clock in the evening the Sarah Ann weighed anchor and set out on her voyage. Narcissus remained on deck watching the sun set, and thus, as he expressed it "re. and thus, as he expressed it, "re-lighting the torch of poesy in his soul." But he hadn't been there long before he became extremely seasick and two grinning tars took him below.

Narcissus did not sleep. Narcissus did not sleep. As he tossed restlessly upon his pillow he invokel the muses.

"O muses nine!" quoth he, "pity me, and send us something romantic

me, and send us something romantic—a tempest, a shipwreck—anything. I have quitted the realms of pins, needles and tape, and abandoned myself to the caprice of the waves, only that my life may become exciting. Pity me then, ye gods! Blow, old Boreas, blow! Lash thy wave, O Neptune!"

It is doubtful whether either the muses or the gods heard him, but it is certain that something very singular took place almost upon the heels of

took place almost upon the heels of his prayer.

The brig was not provided with staterooms for passengers, so the apartment occupied by Narcissus consisted only of an old sail draped around the place 'tween decks where his hammock was swung. This canvas he could see over, and this is what took place. The feeble glimmer of a ship's lantern served to illumine the place without and its rare fell. the place without, and its rays fe'l upon the showman's boxes, which were lashed up against the vessel's

ways auxious for his business. Here

"Come now, captain," said he captain are replied the captain.

"I have only one price," replied the captain.

Narcissus thought of the paternal have cassed to breathe. For the showman, after carefully glaucing. Narcissus thought of the paternal shop and shuddered.
"Well," said the stout man, after much debate, "what must be must be.
One condition, however: my boxes and a man stepped out. The continuous debate, "what must be must be.

One condition, however: my boxes hew omer exchanged a whispered 20 years and never been unlucky. This

word with the showman, and began to shake his numb and rigid limbs. "This is indeed romantic," muttered Narcisans. But he felt a cold sensa-tion each.

Narcissus. But he felt a cold sensation or eeping up his back.

The showman continued his task of or ening the boxes. One by one the wax ngures stepped forth, shook themselves and felt their joints. When the last box was opened, there were six of them, besides the showman. Each man drew out pistols and knives, looked to the locks, and replaced the weapons in convenient positions.

"Well," thought Narcissus, "that is the most wicked-looking gang of cut-throats I ever set eyes on. This is altog-ther too romantic. I wish I was home."

But his thoughts were interrupted by the sound of the showman's voice:
"All ready," said he, in a hoarse

whisper.
"All ready," was the whispered re-

ply.

"Then, here we go!"

With cat-like tread they stole away

in the darkness.

Narcissus would have called out; Narcissus would have called out; his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. He would have risen; his head seemed glued to his pillow. A cold perspira ion broke out upon him. He had realized the fact that the showman and his comrades were pirates.

rates. The minutes passed on. They seemed hours to him. Then he heard an outcry; the trampling of feet on the deck over his head; the short bark of pistols, muttered curses, groans; then there was a wild yell of triumph; the sound of conversation; then he heard at intervals the sound of heavy bodies dropping into the water—"Splash!

It was altogether too romantic. Nar-

cissus fainted away.

When he came to his sences he had experienced a complete revulsion of feeling. The ocean to him was distasteful. He was enamored of green fields and bab'ing brooks. He would have exchanged the Atlantic complete. have exchanged the Atlantic o can for the smallest brook that ever ran. His fevered fancy carried him to the meadows around his native city; he thought of the flowers there; of the smiling again and smiling grain and --"Boom!"

What was that? It sounded like a

There was a crackling sound. The de of the vessel seemed to be bursting in. The planks and splinters flew, and from the midst there emerged a round-shot—a jolly, pudgy round-shot, which came wildly skipping along the deck toward him. As it neared him it made a final bound, and imbedded itself in the wood right over

Again Narcissus lost his senses. He liked romance, but he was getting too much of it at one time.

When Narcissus recovered sciousness he found himself lying upon the deck of the brig. There were irons upon his hands, irons upon his feet. On either side of squatted a swarthy sailor, each with a cutlass, and each watching him with the most flattering attention. Narcissus turned his head. Behind him lay his friend, the showman, in

the same predicament as himself. Banged in symmetrical rows lay the comrades of the showman, all ironed and guarded. Lying near the brig was a large man-of-war with the Spanish flow driver.

and guarded. Lying near the brig was a large man-of-war with the Spanish flag flying,
"Sir," said Narcissus, addressing the showman, "can you tell me what all this means?"
"Hallo!" was the reply, "why there's the little landlubber. I'd forgot you completely. Certainly: I'll take great pleasure in telling you all about it. Do you see the yards of that ship?"
"What are the yards?" asked Nar-

"What are the yards?" asked Narcissus, gravely.
"Ha! ha! Well, you see those po'es

that run across the masts? Yes.

"Do you see a man astride of one of them at the end?" 'Yes.'

"Do you know what he is doing?" 'He's fixing a rope."

"A rope! What for?"
"To hang us."

"To ha—to hang us! To hang you, you mean."

No-us."

"Why-why-what do you mean? You are a pirate; I am a poet. My name is Brown—Narcissus Brown; and I live——" "Oh, well, tell them so, then. Tyere's au officer."

Assuming an air of dignity tempered with submission, Narcissus addressed the office, detailing the story of how he came to be aboard the brig. The officer interrupted him curtly in Spanish, by giving an order to one of the sailors.
"Well," said the showman, "do you

know what he said?'

"He said, 'Gag that cur.'"
"Then he didn't understand what I

said?" Not a word. Neither he nor any of the others speak anything but Spanish."
"But you speak their language?"

"Fluently."
"Well, then, tell him, you, that-"Well, then, tell him, you, that—"My dear boy, do you remember when we came out in the boat together? You told me I talked too much. Now I will be silent. Really, you should have been more civil. But then you are going to be hanged in ten minutes, and it will teach you

manners." Mancissus was about to reply, but at that moment the sailor had pre-pared the gag, and his mouth was stopped.

"It's no more than right," contin-

is my first mishap—I'm afraid, though, it'll be my last. Well, about air it'll be my last. Well, about six months ago, I bourded a Spanish mer-chautman from Peru, and, of course, I had to make all the crew walk the plank. Unfortunately, a ring that the captain had took my fancy, and I've worn it ever since. Well, this meddlesome fellow boarded me y sterday, and I would have got off unsuspected had it not been for the cursed ring. The captain of the merchantman had been friend, this effects which desires a friend of this officer, who had given it to him. His suspicions being ex-cited, he examined the ship's papers, and thus found out my last lite and thus found out my last litte game. That, though, you know all about. So he's going to hang us a'l. I would have been s rrier for you, my boy, if you had been a little more civil."

It was morally and physically impos-sible for Narcissus to reply; he was therefore silent.

The doomed men were taken aboard

of the man-of-war. One by one the pirates were slowly strangled at the yard's end. There remained only Nar-

cissus and the showman.
"After you," said the latter, with a flendish grin. "You are younger than

The noose was placed around Narcissus' neck. Stilwart arms swung him up to the yard. As he drew up his writhing limbs in his death agony, the

showman turned away his face.
"Well, it was his own fault," he
muttered, "but I'm half sorry for him. A few moments passed, and the two

men were again together -- but not in this world.

## QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Metal never rusts in the waters Lake Titacaca. A chain or an anchor can be left in it two weeks and will be as clean and bright as when it came from the foundry, which is probably owing to action of some of the chemiical salts in the water.

If all the dressmakers known to exist in America worked 24 hours of each day for a whole year, without stopping for sleep or meals, they would still be able to make only one dress apiece for less than seven eighths of the women in America.

An ascetic is living outside the Delhi Gate at Labore, India, who, it is said, has not parted his lips for the last 50 years, nor has demanded anything ever from any person to satisfy the irresistible demands of the stomach. People flock to see him in large num-

One of the queerost corners in the world, is Chatham Island, off the coast of Ecuador, and 600 miles west from Guayasuii. The island abounds in Guayaquil. The island abounds in black cats, which live in the crevices of the lava for untion near the coast, and subsist by catching fish and crabs on this island are horses, cattle, dogs, goats and chickens, all of which are perfectly wild. The equator crosses the island.

In Damascus, Syria, is a celebrated thoroughfare, the identity of which with thoroughfare, the identity of which with the "street which is called straight," referred to in Acts ix., F, 11, is unquestioned. It begins at one of the gates of the city and extends about a mile. Formerly it ran in a straight direction, but modern changes have converted it into a winding, zigzag shape. Many localities in Damascus are pointed out as having been connected with incidents in St. Paul's life. The house in which he lived is said to be still in existence. said to be still in existence.

The blind postman of Filgrave, England has just been retired on a pension. He lost his sight through pension. He lost his sight through an accident, but his misfortune did not prevent him from securing the position of postman between Filgrave position of postman between ringrand and Newport Pagnell, a distance of about two miles. He carried out this work daily for many years, relying entirely on his wonderful memory, and seldom making a mistake. His dog seldom making a mistake. His dog always accompanied him on his rounds, and he always found many friends at hand to tide him over any difficulties that arose.

The Geography of Nome. The geographical position of the Nome region is the southern face of the peninsular projection of Alaska which separates Kotzebue sound on the north from Bering sea on the south, and terminates westward in Cape Prince of Wales, the extent of the North American continent. In a di-rect line of navigation, it lies about 2500 miles northwest of Seattle and 170 miles southeast of Siberia. The 170 miles southeast of Siberia. The nearest settlement of consequence to it prior to 1877 was St. Michael, 100 miles to the southeast, the starting point of the steamers for the Yukon river; but during the year various aggregations of mining population had built themselves up in closer range, and reduced the isolation from the civilized world by some 60 miles. The Nome district as settled centres about the lower course of the Snake river. the lower course of the Snake river, an exceedingly tortuous stream in its tundra course, which emerges from a badly degraded line of limestone, slaty, and schistose mountain spurs, gener-ally not over 700 to 1200 feet elevaally not over 700 to 1200 feet eleva-tion, but backed by loftier granitic heights, and discharges into the sea at a position 13 miles west of Cape Nome proper. Three miles east of this mouth is the discharge of Nome river. Both streams have a tidal course of several miles.—Appletons' Fopular Science Monthly.

An Early Start.

"That Blinkersdorf girl is the promptest young woman I ever had the pleasure of escorting." "She comes by it naturally. Her

father was a car starte ."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED

Subject: Our Father's House — A Lesson of Patience—An Impressive Warning Against Being Puffed Up With Transitory Earthly Grandeur.

[Copyright 1800].

Washington, D. C. — This discourse of Dr. Taimage is pertinent at this time of year, when many people are moving from house to house, and it teaches lessons of patience and equipoise in very trying circumstances; text. Philipplans Iv. 12, "I know both now to be abased, and I know how to abound."

Happy Paul! Could you really accommodate yourself to all circumstances in life? Could you go up without pride, and could you come down without exasperation? Teach the same lesson to us all.

We are at a season of the year when vast populations in all our cities are changing residence. Having been born in a house, we do not have full appreciation of what a house is. It is the growth of thousands of years. The human race first lived in ciefts of rocks, the beasts of the field moving out of the caverns to let the human race move in. The shepherds and the robbers still live in caverns of the earth. The troglodytes are a race; which to this day prefer the caverns to a house. They are warm; they are less subject, to violent changes of neat and cold. We come on along down in the history of the race, and we come to the lodge, which was a home built out of twisted tree branches; we come farther on down in the history of the race, and we come to the tent, which was a home built with a round pole in the centre and skins of animals reaching out in all directions, mats on the floor.

with a round, pole in the centre and skins of animals reaching out in all directions, mats on the floor.

Time passed on, and the world, after much invention, came to build a house, which was a space surrounded by broad stones, against which the earth was heaped from the outside. The roof was made of chalk and gypsum and coal and stones and ashes pounded together. After awhile the porch was born, after awhile the gate. Then hundreds of years passed on, and in the fourteenth century the modern chimney was constructed. The old Richreshad openings in their houses from which the smoke might escape if it preferred, but there was no inducement offered for it to leave until the modern chimney. Wooden keys opened the door, or the keyhole was large enough to allow the fligger to be inserted for the lifting of the latch or the sliding of it. There being no windows the people were dependent for light upon latticework, over which a thin well was drawn down in time of winter to keep out the elements. Window glass was, so late as 200 or 300 years ago, in England and Socitand so great a luxury that only the very wealthiest could afford it. A hand mill and an oven and a few leathern bottles and some rude pitchers and plates made up the entire equipment of the culinary department. Thank God for your homo, not serely the house you live in now, but the house you have resided in since you began your earthly residence. When you go home to-day, count over the number of those houses in which you have resided, and you will be surprised. Once in awhile you will find a man who lives in a house where he was born and his grandfather was bor

In a private vehicle, and not in a rail car, from which you can see but little, I rode from New York to Yonkers and Tarrytown, on the banks of the Hudson, the finest ride on the planet for a man who wants to see palatial residences in fascinating scenery. It was in the early spring and before the gentlemen of New York had gone out to their country residences. I rode into the grounds to admire the gardens, and the overseer of the place told me—and they all told me—that all the houses, had been sold or that they wanted to sell them, and there was literally no exception, although I called at many places, just admiring the gardens and grounds and the palatial residences. Some wanted to sell or had sold because of financial misfortune or because their wives did not want to reside in the summer time in those places while their husbands tarried in town in the night, always having some business on hand keeping them away. From some houses the people had been shaken out by chilis and fever, from some houses they had gone because death or misfortune had occurred, and all those plances and mansions had either changed occupants or wanted to change. In a private vehicle, and not in a rail

had either charged occupants or wanted to change.

Take up the directory of any city of England or America and see how few people live where they lived fifteen years ago. There is no such thing as permanent residence.

residence.

I saw Monticello, in Virginia, President Jefferson's residence, and I saw on the same day Montpelier, which was either Madison's or Montpelier, which was either Madison's or Montpelier, which was President Taylor's residence and President Garlield's residence and President Garlield's residence and President Garlield's residence. Was it a permanent residence in any case? I tell you that the race is nomadic and no sooner gets in one place than it wants to change for another place or is compelled to change for another place and so the race invented the railroad and the steamboat in order more rapidly to get into some other place than that in which it was then.

Aye, instead of being nomadic, it is immortal, moving on and moving on! We

that in which it was then.

Aye, instead of being nomadic, it is immortal, moving on and moving on! We whip up our horses and hasten on until the hub of the front wheel shivers on the tombstone and tips us headlong into the grave, the only permanent earthly residence.

A day this spring the streets will be filled with the furniture carts and the drays and the trucks. It will be a hard day for horses, because they will be overloaded; it will be a hard day for laborers, for they will overlift before they get the family furniture from one house to another; it will be a hard day for housekeepers to see their furniture scratched, and their crockery broken, and their carpets misfit, and their furniture dashed of the sudden showers; it will be a hard day for landlords; it will be a hard day for leannts.

Especial grace is needed for moving day. Many a man's religion has suffered a fearful strain between the hour on the morning of the first of May, when he took his immature breakfast, and the hour at night when herolled into his extemporized couch. The furniture broken sometimes will result in the breaking of the Ten Commandments. My first word, then, in this part of my discourse is to all those who move out of small houses into larger ones. Now, we will see whether, like the apostle, you know how to abound.

Do not, because your new house has two

will see whether, like the apostie, you know how to abound.

Do not, because your new house has two more stories than the old one, add two stories to your vanity or make your brightly polished silver doorplate the coffin plate to your buried humility.

Many persons moving into a larger house have become arrogant and supercilious. They swagger where once they walked; they simper where once they laughed; they go about with an air which seems to say, "Let all smaller craft get out of these wares if they don't want to be run over by a regular Cunarder."

I have known people who were kind and

regular Cunarder."

I have known people who were kind and and and christian in their smaller house. No sooner did they go over the doorsill of the new house than they became a glorified nuisance. They were the terror of dry goods clerks and the amazement of ferryboats into which they swept and, if compelled to stand a moment, with condemnatory glance turning all the peo-

ple seated into criminals and convice They began to hunt up the family coat arms and had lion couchant or unicor rampant on the carriage door when, it they had the appropriate coat of arms, it would have been a butter firkin, or ashot less, or a plow, or a trowel. Instead of being like all the rest of us, made out to dust, they would have you think that they were trickled out of heaven on a lump of loaf sugar. The first thing you know of them the father will fail in business and the daughter will run off with a French dancing master. A woman spoiled by a finer house is bad enough, but a man so upset is sickening.

But I must have a word with those who in this Mayday time move out of larger residences into smaller. Sometimes the pathetic reason is that the family had dwindled in size, and so much room is not required, so they move out into small apartments. I know there are such enses. Marriage has taken some of the members of the family, death has taken other members of the family, and after awhile father and mother wake up to flud their family hust the size it was when they started, and they would be lonesome and lost in a large house; hence they move out of it. Moving house; hence they move out of it. Moving house; hence they move out of it. Moving house; hence they move out of it. Is so in mine. We name the rooms after the different members of the family, it supposes it is so in all your households. It is so in all your households is the room sacred because there all fire started or a life stopped—the Alpha and the Omega of some earthly existence. Seene of meeting and parting of congratulation and heartbreak, every doorknob, every fresco, every mantel, every threshold, meaning more to you than it can ever mean to any one olse when moving out of a house, I have always been in the hubit, after everything was gone, o

under the light of a tallow candle as under the ginre of a chandelier, all the burners at full blaze. Who was the happier—John Bunyan in Bedford jail of Bloshazer in the saturnalia? Contentment is something you can neither reat nor purchase. It is not extrinsic; it is intrinsic. Are there fewer rooms in the house to which you move? You will have less to take care of. Is it to be stove instead of furnace? All the doctors say the modern modes of warming buildings are unhealthy. Is it less mirrors? Less temptation to your vanity. Is it old fashioned tollet instead of water pipes all through the house? Less to freere and burst when you cannot get a plumber. Is it less carriage? More room for robust exercise. Is it less social position? Fewer people who want to drag you down by their jealousles. Is it less fortune to leave in your last will and testament? Less to spoil your children. Is it less money for the marketing? Less temptation to ruin the heaith of your family with pineapples and indigestible salads. Is it a little doar? Not hearing so many disagreeables.

I meet you this springtime at the door of your new home, and while I help you lift the clothesbasket over the banisters and the carman is getting red in the face trying to transport that article of furniture to some new destination I congratulate you. You take God and the Christian religion in your home and you will be grandly happy. God in the parlor—that will sanctify your sociabilities; God in the morning—that will anue the day brightly from the drydecks; God in the evening—that will sanct the day brightly from the drydecks; God in the evening—that will said the day sweetly into the harbor.

And get joy, one and all of you, whether you move or do not move; get joy out of the thought that we are soon all going to have a grand moving day. Do you want a picure of the new house into which you will move? Here it is, wought with the hand of a master: "We know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not

they have seen everything off. They send ahead the children, and they send ahead the treasures and the valuables. Then after awhile they will come themselves. I remember very well in the country that in boyhood moving day was a jubilation. On almost the first load we, the children, were sent on ahead to the new house, and we arrived with shout and laughter, and in an hour we had ranged through every room in the house, the barn and the granary. Toward night, and perhaps in the last wagon, father and mother would come, looking very tired, and we would come, looking very tired, and we would come, looking very tired, and we would come them and tell them of all the wonders we discovered in the new place, and then, the last wagon unloaded, candles lighted, our neighbors who had helped us to move—for in those times neighbors helped each other—sat down with us at a table on which there was every luxury they cculd think of. Well, my dear Lord knows that some of us have been moving a good while. We have sent our children abead. We have sent many of our valuables ahead, sent many treasures ahead. We cannot go yet. There is work for us to do, but after nawhile it will be toward night, and we will be very tired, and those who have gone abead of us, they will see our approach, and they will some down the lane to meet us, and they will see our approach, and they will some down the lane to meet us, and they will see our approach, and they will some down the lane to meet us, and they will see our approach, and they will some down the lane to meet us, and they will see our approach, and they will see our approach and the towe will encales will be full, not with the wine that swents in the vat of earthly intoxicatio